To see these honors in possession. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king *Henrie* disguisde.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguisde to greet my natiue land.
No, *Henrie* no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suters sues to thee for right,
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?
Keeper. I marrie sir, here is a deere, his skin is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king *Edward* hath deposde.
Hen. My *Queene* and sonne poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding *Warwike*,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie *Bona*,
If this be true, poore *Queene* and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a prince soone wun with words,
And *Warwike* is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is installde,
She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left side crauing aide for *Henry*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?
Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?

Keeper

Keeper. I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy selfe.
Hen. Why so I am in mind though not in shew.
Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enioy.
Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, *K. Edward* hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter king *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, *Montague*,
Hastings, and the Lady *Gray*.

K Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloucester*,
This ladies husband heere sir *Richard Gray*,
At the battaile of saint *Albones* did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conqueror.
Her suite is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her suite.
Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.
K Edw. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.
Glo. I, is the wind in that doore?
Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suite.
Cla. He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K Edw.